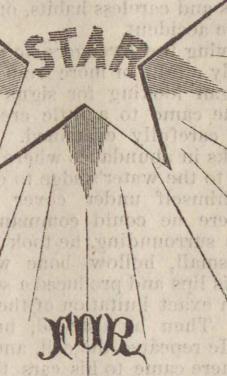


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No. 139.

AUTUMN.

BY A. P. M., JR.

Merrily, merrily over the lea,
Birds of beauty their warbles pour,
Horns of music in airs of glee,
Hunting-hounds bark, and cranes fly free,
Seasons whose flowers are ripe and fair,
Sweetened incense wafts on the breeze,
Mellowly fold,
Those skies of gold
Over the earth so ripe and fair,
Soothly fan with thy doubtful breeze!
Cheerily, cheerily fall, my boy,
Rush-hill amid the aisles of brown;
Sweet the spell that magical weaves,
For fair Nature her yellow crown
Queen of the months of russet hue,
Tasteful hooded shades so gay—
Pins of Dreams—
Kissed in his gleams—
Welcome the days of russet hue,
Autumn of tints so bright and gay!
Woo the loveliness o'er above—
Beauties of earth with their hue-blend tips;
Draughts of elixir, dreams of love,
Face of my mother's decorated lips.
Queen of Autumn's bloom—
Bloom the rarest that earth can know!
Portals are wide
To flow thy tide;
Heaven is here when thou art come,
Queen of smiles with thy genial brow!

Death-Notch, the Destroyer;

THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY,"
"IRONSIDES, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

A VOICE FROM THE FLAMES.

The deep-laid plan for the surprise and massacre of the Lake Avengers, by Red Elk and his warriors, proved a decided failure, and when he found his enemies had escaped, his savage fury knew no bounds.

To have attempted to follow the whites then would have been an act of folly in violation of an Indian's usual precaution. He suspected the Avengers had not only outwitted them, but had laid a trap for their destruction. So he resolved to stay on the island till morning, then take up the trail of the enemy, and follow. So guards were posted on each side of the island, the one that stood on the upper side taking his position on the raft.

Owing to the circular form of the island, and the willows upon it, the guards were unable to see each other from their posts; neither could they be seen by their friends from the center of the island.

Red Elk being beyond rifle range of either shore, ordered a fire lighted. He wished to hold a consultation with his warriors, and wanted a light by which to read the expression of each one's face, and note the impression that his eloquence would have upon them. So, in obedience to his desire, a fire was built upon the large, flat stone in the center of the little sand opening.

Some of the warriors now filled the bowls on the head of their tomahawks with tobacco, and began to smoke, while others threw themselves in listless, lounging attitudes upon the sand.

Half an hour passed in silence, then Red Elk spoke. Every warrior rose to a sitting posture and assumed an attentive air.

"Braves of the great Sioux, and followers of Red Elk," the chief began, with all the dignity and eloquence that he could master, but at this juncture there was heard a low groan at the upper side of the island, followed by two dull, sodden blows, and the oration came to an abrupt termination.

Grasping his tomahawk, every warrior glided away in the direction from whence the sound had come, but when the upper side of the island was reached, all was silent as the grave. Upon the raft, however, a fearful sight met their eyes. The guard was hanging, head downward, over the edge of the raft, dead. His head was scalped, and across his cheek was a deep gash. By his side a fresh notch was cut on one of the logs!

It was the token of Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter.

A yell of terror burst from the red-skins' lips. They leaped upon the raft and began searching it over for the terrible foe. But, to their surprise, the logs passed and began floating away, compelling them to beat a hasty retreat back to the island. The wretches that bound the logs together had been cut asunder by the young Scalp-Hunter, with the intention, no doubt, of destroying their chance of escape from the island, without taking to the water.

The doubly defeated savages had not a doubt but that Death-Notch had made good his escape from the island; nevertheless, they made a hasty search for him, but in vain.

Stung to fury, they gathered around their camp-fire again. New fuel was added to the flames. The light leaped out in strong, red beams, and fell with a lurid glow across the grim, demoniac faces of the savages.

Red Elk was the sole embodiment of rage. His expedition, that at first promised so fruitful, was proving a wretched failure. He addressed his warriors in a fierce eloquence, every word of which added new fuel to the fire of their revengeful hearts. It was some time before the storm subsided. Then, with malignant scowls, they all bent their eyes upon the fire, as if actuated by a single impulse.

Then they start. A low groan issues from the very depths of the crackling flame. It is human, and seems to jar the

fire, for a million sparks went upward from its bosom, as though a stone had been dropped into its center.

Appalled, the savages start back. Another groan issues from the fire. A column of sparks float upward, wavering and crackling in the currents of air.

The savages start to their feet—recoil.

"It is well, fiends," shrieks a hollow, ghost-like voice.

The burning fagots leap and dance in the fire. The flame wavers and splutters spitefully. Sparks, millions of sparks, float upward.

The red-skins stand aghast. A spirit was within that fire. It spoke, and crackling flames and snapping sparks were breathed forth.

The red warriors grow bolder. They now advance closer to the fire and begin circling around it, gazing with starting eyes into the flame. They see nothing. Mysterious terror fills their hearts.

"Red-skins, why do you stare at me?" the voice came from the fire. "I am the spirit that will consume you when Death-Notch has hung your scalps at his girdle. I am angry. I tremble."

The fagots begin to leap and quiver on the stone. The flame wavers and the light flickers and flashes. Smoke and sparks float upward.

The savages stand paralyzed with terror. Red Elk has no power of eloquence to break that fearful spell, for he, too, is rooted to the spot with mysterious awe.

At length there is a calm. The flame gathers strength, and the light flares out on the painted, terrified faces around it.

A minute passed.

Again the sparks begin to rise from the fire, and the flame to quiver. The spirit was moving within it. Then there was a sudden crash, and the air was filled with flying firebrands, red-hot coals and hissing sparks. In every direction had the campfire been hurled, right and left, into the very faces of the red-skins; then all was darkness.

The savages took to the river, and swim-

ming ashore, fled away into the forest with absolute terror.

Half an hour later a human figure stood in the center of the island. Over the face was an iron mask.

It was Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter! At his feet, leading down under the island, was the small mouth of a cavern. The wide, flat stone, upon which the savages had built their camp-fire, concealed the opening from their view.

There, in the cavern under the stone, had Death-Notch been concealed—having entered the edge of the island, where it had escaped the savages' eyes; and there, under the flat stone, had the young Scalp-Hunter worked upon their fears in the manner we have already shown.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN UNWILLING EAVESDROPPER.

FRED TRAVIS lay like one under a terrible fascination. That voice fell upon his ear like the voice of doom. There was no mistaking it. It was the voice of Death-Notch, the terror of the red-skin and the fear of the settler. He spoke in that even, natural tone that he had used when he had first made himself known after the conflict at the deserted hut. But then young Travis could not drive from memory's ear those wild, hoarse notes of the madman, when he—Death-Notch—begged him to flee from him in the woods.

Would not Fred's face excite him again, and throw him into that fearful state of uncontrollable madness? The thought was any thing but pleasant to Fred, and he began to think of escaping from the cabin. But this he found would be impossible. The cabin had but one door, and near this the brother and sister stood.

The youth bent his ear and listened. He heard them talking, and learned that he himself was the subject of their conversation.

"Yes, Ralph, he is better," he heard Vida say; "he has entirely recovered con-

sciousness and thinks he is well as ever. But he is weak and must not be disturbed."

"No, no, Vida," he heard the brother respond; "he is your patient; you have saved his life so far, and your injunctions must be strictly regarded."

"Oh, Ralph!" and Vida's eyes grew bright with some inward emotion; but suddenly remembering that Fred was awake, she checked the words that came to her lips, while the dark, silken eyelashes drooped over her flushed cheeks.

"What is it, Vida?" asked Ralph St. Leger. "You are feeling unusually joyous; have you caught it from the young stranger?"

"Sh, Ralph!" she said, placing the tips of her tapering, dimpled fingers to her brother's lips. "He is awake and may hear you. Come, sit down. You look tired and careworn. You must be hungry."

Ralph St. Leger threw himself upon the ottoman, while Vida stole softly back to Fred's couch, and drawing aside the curtain, gazed down upon the youth. He slept.

She moved lightly away, and was soon engaged in the preparation of the evening meal. When it was ready, Fred was still asleep. She would not disturb his slumber. She would take him food when he awoke.

Ralph ate his supper silently and thoughtfully. Vida watched him closely. She saw at once that something uncommon rested upon his mind, and after supper was over, and the table cleared away, the brother and sister seated themselves near the door, furthest from the invalid's couch, and entered into conversation.

"Ralph, dear," said Vida, "you are in trouble. Your very looks and actions say so. Why is it?"

"Vida, my love was spurned to-day by one whom I loved most dearly."

"You loved, Ralph? This is news to me. You surprise me."

"Yes, no doubt, sister. But there is a maiden at Stony Cliff whom I met and loved many days ago. And to me she

pledged her heart and hand, but to-day she revoked that pledge and spurned my love. She accused me of being Pirate Paul."

Vida started and uttered a little cry.

"Brother," she said, "I have even thought so myself."

"My God!" he exclaimed; "is it possible that you link my name with that of a villain, Vida?"

"How can I do otherwise, brother? For nearly a year have we lived here in this secluded spot. Your comings and goings have been wrapped in mystery to me. You tell me nothing; unless it is of the terrible deeds of Death-Notch, or of some robbery committed by the prairie pirates. Why have you been so silent, if you did not wish me to couple your absence with that of some evil?"

Fred Travis heard every word. He did not approve of eavesdropping, but there was a mystery about this brother and sister that he wished to solve. To Vida he saw her brother's doings were entirely unknown. He had caught a glimpse of Ralph's face through the curtain. He saw the resemblance it bore to the maiden's. He was fully satisfied that he was Death-Notch, for, although the Scalp-Hunter had kept his face masked at the hut, his voice was the same as that of Ralph St. Leger. But might not he be Pirate Paul, too?

"Sister," said Ralph, after awhile, "half of my life is a blank. Ever since our parents were slain by the accursed Sioux, under Le Subile Fox—since I witnessed the torture and shameful treatment of our mother and sister—I have been insane half of my time. And were it not for you, Vida, to soften my heart, to live for, to love, I believe I would go entirely mad. And since Sylvie Gray—she whom I have loved with all the affection of a true heart—has spurned my love, it seems as though this life of mine is a bitter one. But, sister, do you remember the ring that mother wore ere our home fell under the savages' blows?"

"Yes, yes, Ralph. I could never forget it. It was a gold ring, with such a curious setting of some precious stone. But what of it?"

"Sylvie Gray wears that ring."

A cry burst from Vida's lips.

"It must have been taken from mother after her capture," she said; "but, how came Miss Gray in possession of it?"

"I know not. But when I saw and recognized it, Sylvie shrank from me as if from an adder, at the same time accusing me of being Pirate Paul. There is some mystery connected with that ring."

"There must be; but, tell me, Ralph, why is it, if you are not a robber, that you tell me so little of your hunting excursions?"

"Vida, are you sure your patient is asleep?"

The maiden arose, and, going to Fred's couch, drew aside the curtain.

"Yes, he still sleeps soundly," she said, stealing back to her brother's side on tiptoe.

"Then I will tell you something, sister."

Ralph said: "Revenge is what leads me from home, and keeps me away. Upon those who slew our father and tortured to death our mother and sister have I sworn to wreak a terrible revenge. Heaven seems to justify me in my course. I can excite myself to madness by thinking over our friends' suffering and shame, and when I am mad, this world is almost a blank to me. I do most terrible acts. The sight of one of those savages who destroyed our home crazes my brain. I can not control my anger. A demon's power and fury are infused into my body. I am vaguely conscious of all I do, yet can not restrain my acts, and there is nothing that I dare not do. It is insanity that crazes my brain, but a spirit of revenge. It is a singular and terrible state into which I am thrown, but I can not help it. It comes like a dream in my sleep, and my acts are all involuntary. I have no control over myself; but, God seems to guide and protect me while laboring under those terrible attacks. But, one thought of you, sister, or of my adored Sylvie, would drive the spell away. It is curious, yet mysterious—what freaks and fits the human race is addicted to. The sight of a strange white face sometimes throws me into that awful state of madness. It will bring up old memories of days gone by, when we were so happy and joyous. It will bring up old memories of days gone by, when we were so happy and joyous. Then will rise the demon faces of their murderers, and my spirit maddens for revenge. And, Vida, I hear much of Death-Notch, and his terrible deeds of vengeance on the red-skins. Time and again, sister, have I recovered from one of my terrible fits to find a scalp at my girde. By thinking, as you would over a dream, I can recall a vague remembrance of how it came there. But, to make a long story short, I am Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter, as the Indians have seen fit to name me."

"A low, half-suppressed cry burst from Vida's lips, and an expression of fear overshadowed her features. Ralph's revelations had startled her. From his own story she at once believed he was subject to attacks of fits, and yet he had endeavored to make her believe that it was but excitement.

She felt no uneasiness for herself, but for the handsome, invalid youth lying behind the curtain. What if her brother should become mad at sight of him? As she asked herself the question, she glanced uneasily and involuntarily toward the curtain.

Ralph readily divined her thoughts and fears by her actions, and continued, as surely:

"You need have no fears for him, Vida.



Old Shadow saw the savage turn, and, parting the foliage, peer into his very face.

fire, for a million sparks went upward from its bosom, as though a stone had been dropped into its center.

Appalled, the savages start back. Another groan issues from the fire. A column of sparks float upward, wavering and crackling in the currents of air.

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I see your heart has become deeply interested in that youth's welfare."

"Oh, Ralph!" she cried, blushing crimson, "it shocks me to think of Death-Notch—that you are that terrible being!"

"I have kept the fact from you for your own good. I know it is an appalling mood that at times possesses me."

"Yes, brother, and I fear it will be the death of you yet," said Vida.

"God holds our lives in his hands. I am his servant, and as he wills I am satisfied. But, Vida, I have settled my mind upon one thing. I must see Sylvie Gray once more. I must bring about a reconciliation, if possible. Without her love, sister, this world will be a half-blank to me. If she will listen to my story, believe that I am not Pirate Paul, and will renew her promise to wed me some day, then will I leave this wild, secluded home, wherein love as well as revenge is keeping me. Once away from the hateful presence of the Indians, I know this spirit of revenge will be forgotten. But I hardly know how to act now."

"Ralph, I wish I could advise you in your trouble. But, for the sake of your sister, be careful of your life. When you are gone, I will have no one to care for me."

Tears gathered in the eyes of Ralph St. Leger. He drew his little sister toward him, put back the long, dark ringlets from her brow, and planted a kiss upon it.

In the mean time, Fred Travis was an attentive listener to the startling revelations of Ralph St. Leger, and the words of tenderness spoken by the brother and sister. He felt ashamed of his silence, but he could not help it.

After a few moments' silence he heard the brother and sister renew their conversation.

"Brother," said Vida, "I believe now you are not Pirate Paul, but I can not say I am pleased to know you are Death-Notch."

"I am not pleased over the fact, myself, Vida, but then I feel that I have not been accountable, in a certain sense, for many things that I have done. But, revenge now is only a secondary object. Love stands pre-eminent—a love that grew strong ere Death-Notch struck his first blow, and made his name a terror. However, if Sylvie Gray will hear my story, and believe me—renew her promise to become my wife when we have grown older, then will I give up this life."

"Oh, I pray, then, that she will!" cried Vida, hopefully; "but, Ralph, you say when you are under these mysterious attacks, you have a faint remembrance of what you do, yet can not stay your acts."

"Yes, such is the case."

"Then, do you remember of having beat this young man down in the forest on the night of the storm?"

"No, Vida, for I did not."

"He says Death-Notch beat him down."

"He is mistaken. I was with him that night, and had one of my attacks. I knew it was coming, and warned him to flee and join his friends. He left me and I recovered. Soon after I saw three persons, whom I concluded were robbers, and still a few minutes later I heard a pistol-shot. I never saw Fred Travis after our parting there, that night, until I saw him lying unconscious in your canoe."

Fred heard this declaration with a feeling of joy. A terrible weight was lifted from his heart. He would now have nothing to fear from Death-Notch.

By this time it was dark in the cabin; so a lamp was lighted. Ralph and his little sister now sought Fred's couch, and finding he had, apparently, just awakened, Vida went to prepare him some food, while her brother engaged him in conversation, by which Fred soon learned that the young Scalp-Hunter was a person of more than ordinary intelligence.

Vida's appearance with some food on a snowy plate, and a bowl of coffee, ended their talk. Fred arose from his couch, and, being seated in an easy-chair, ate the viands brought him with a keen relish. After this repast he felt much refreshed and strengthened, and ventured on a few minutes' walk and exercise in the open air. When he returned, Ralph also was out, but came in, in a few minutes, looking not a little excited.

The three seated themselves, and entered into conversation. Fred sat with his back toward the open door and facing Ralph, and Vida sat at one side.

Suddenly, Fred saw Ralph start as though he had detected a slight, unnatural sound without, for he fixed his eyes upon the open door.

"What is it, Ralph?" asked Fred.

Ralph made no reply. Fred gazed into his face and saw it was set with the rigidity of death. His white, pearly teeth shone between his slightly parted lips, and his eyes glowed and scintillated like coals of fire; their pupils dilated until they seemed to cover the whole ball. It was a terrible expression, not one of madness, nor insanity either, but of—what? Who can tell?

"Ralph! Ralph!" exclaimed Fred, hoping to break the spell that was coming over him like a serpent's fascination.

Ralph made no reply, but, like an arrow, he shot through the cabin door, out into the blinding darkness.

Before either Fred or Vida could speak, there was heard a low, wail-like cry; then all became silent again.

A minute later Ralph made his appearance in the door, apparently as calm and composed as he had ever been.

But Vida sprung backward with a shriek, and, pointing at his girdle, exclaimed:

"My God, Ralph, what is that?"

CHAPTER XIX.

EVIL FACES.

RALPH ST. LEGER started at his sister's words, as though he had suddenly been aroused from a dream. He gazed down at his girdle, where he beheld a reeking scalp dangling. With apparent disgust, he tore the bloody trophy from his side and tossed it out of the door.

"The cunning fiend," said Death-Notch, "got a little too close. I remember seeing him pass the door and peer in when I sat there."

"Brother," said Vida, with trembling voice, "I am so afraid our home will be discovered by the savages and we slain, for they must be continually on the hunt for Death-Notch. Oh, Ralph! let us leave here soon!"

"Your wish shall be granted, Vida; a few more days and we will forever leave this wilderness and its dangers, God willing. But, for fear there may now be other savages about, I will go out and reconnoiter."

Vida would have protested against his leaving, but, before she could speak, he had taken his weapons and left the cabin.

The maiden and her invalid guest waited long and anxiously for his return, but the hours stole away, the moon sunk behind the western tree-tops and dawn appeared in the east before he returned.

When he did, his face wore a look of fatigue. It was evident that he had spent the night in activity.

"Brother, you have been gone so very long!" said Vida; "are the Indians about?"

"The woods are swarming with them, and I am afraid they will find our home, alas, too soon! But I must keep on the alert."

And so he did. During the next two days he was absent from home most of his time—scouting through the woods.

Fred Travis convalesced rapidly, within the sunshine of Vida's smiles. He walked with her in the cool, silvan wood; rowed with her upon the creek, and talked and sung with her until the emotions that were ripening in their young hearts gushed forth in confessions of love and joy.

From the moment he had first gazed into each other's eyes, a feeling far deeper than mere friendship was awakened in each young heart. This continued to grow upon them, until it at last found expression in words of love and devotion.

To these lovers that solitary cabin seemed an Arcadian bower. They thought but little of the dangers that so troubled the mind of Death-Notch and kept him on constant watch. There was no vain show nor formality in their love. It was a pure and holy love in which the noblest emotions of the human breast held power.

It was near the close of the third day of Fred's sojourn at the Lone Cabin, as Vida called the place—that the young lovers were seated upon the bank of the little stream which formed the western boundary of the glade.

They had long expected the return of Death-Notch, and Vida had begun to chafe in spirit at his protracted absence. But Fred spoke words of cheer to her and endeavored to comfort her mind and keep it upon something else. In her lap lay a Spanish guitar, upon which she had been playing for him, and now, as the twilight shadows began to gather over the woodland with their evening voices and solemn inspirations, Fred asked her to play again.

"Oh, I pray, then, that she will!" cried Vida, hopefully; "but, Ralph, you say when you are under these mysterious attacks, you have a faint remembrance of what you do, yet can not stay your acts."

"Yes, such is the case."

"Then, do you remember of having beat this young man down in the forest on the night of the storm?"

"No, Vida, for I did not."

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"He is mistaken. I was with him that night, and had one of my attacks. I knew it was coming, and warned him to flee and join his friends. He left me and I recovered. Soon after I saw three persons, whom I concluded were robbers, and still a few minutes later I heard a pistol-shot. I never saw Fred Travis after our parting there, that night, until I saw him lying unconscious in your canoe."

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"My God, Ralph, what is that?"

a born Indian-fighter and hunter. He had one fault, however; he was never still, but where others seemed to succeed by silence and precaution, he seemed to excel by his recklessness and careless habits, or, in other words, mere accident.

After leaving the Avengers, he pushed on quite rapidly a mile or more from camp before he began looking for signs of game. At length he came to a little creek whose shores he carefully examined. He saw turkey-tracks in abundance where they had gone down to the water's edge to drink.

Seating himself under cover of some bushes where he could command a fair view of the surrounding, he took from his pocket a small, hollow bone which he placed to his lips and produced a succession of sounds in exact imitation of the hen-turkey's call. Then he listened, but heard nothing. He repeated the call, and, almost instantly, there came to his ears the far-off gobble, gobble of a turkey.

But the old hunter shook his head doubtfully, and after a moment had elapsed he uttered the call again.

"Again he was answered."

"Durn my ole rigginn," he exclaimed, to himself; "that's not ginuwine, or my hearing, or my experience don't 'mount to shucks. No, sirc, bob-tail, that's not a turkey's gobble. It's a blasted red-skin's gabble, and it's hard tellin' what the lopin' varlet is arter. He may be tryin' to git me into the trouble, and he may take my call for the ginuwine article. I'll try it ag'in."

He repeated his call. It was answered immediately, and the sound seemed to be nearer than before.

"No, it's not a turkey's answer," he mused; "so far as the imitation's concerned, it'll do, but if my head's level that's too long an interval between each gobble. If it's a red, he's comin' up the creek, and I propose to set him up, if he comes nosin' round me; for I'm hungry Old Shader knows his temper isn't as sweet and mild as an angel's—oh, no—and the possum he grinded—but, see here, old fool, keep still if you want Ingin' h'ar."

The old hunter having thus enjoined silence upon himself, stole from his covert, crept down to the water's brink where he carefully ensconced himself among some drooping foliage. Here he awaited the inspiration of events.

The sound of footsteps in the water soon caught his practiced ears. He glanced down the stream and saw a savage wading up the creek. He was stepping with all the caution he could master, with eyes and ears on the alert.

Old Shadow chuckled and rubbed his hands with glee in anticipation of a fight with an Indian, which he relished more keenly than a leg of roasted turkey.

The cunning savage came on, but the old hunter could form no idea what he meant by his stealthy movements. He was surely not trying to steal upon a turkey.

"No, sirc!" Old Shadow suddenly exclaimed to himself; "the varlet means devility. I can see it in his snaky eye—he's arter scalps—ah!"

Just at this juncture the red-skin stopped within three steps of him, and craning his neck, uttered the shrill gobble of the male turkey.

"Now for the tug," thought Old Shadow, and at once gave utterance to the "cluck, cluck, cluck" of the hen turkey.

Then he saw the savage turn, and, parting the foliage, peered into his very face.

"Mornin', Mister Red-skin," was the cool, laconic salutation of the old hunter.

The Indian uttered an indignant "Ugh!" and grasped his tomahawk, but, before he could draw it, Old Shadow's long, muscular arm shot out from his shoulder and his bony fist was planted between the red-skin's eyes. Like a leaden weight, the savage fell full length in the water.

Before he could regain his feet, the old hunter followed up the advantage already gained by seizing his adversary at the scalpel and "ducking" his head under water.

Although he was partly stunned by the blow that felled him, the savage made a desperate effort to regain his feet. In point of strength he was more than a match for the old hunter, but, the latter's wiry suppleness more than neutralized this advantage.

The struggle waxed warm for several minutes, both combatants kicking, striking and floundering about until they were completely enveloped in a shower of flying water and spray. They fought in silence, neither showing a fear of the other by uttering a sound that could be heard fifty yards away.

The strength of the savage, however, soon began to grow feebler. This Old Shadow noticed more readily than the savage did himself. The old hunter had managed to keep the upper side, and the red-skin's head under water most of the time. Strangulation was telling fast upon the warrior. No weapons were used. Although he was partly stunned by the blow that felled him, the savage made a desperate effort to regain his feet. In point of strength he was more than a match for the old hunter, but, the latter's wiry suppleness more than neutralized this advantage.

The struggle lasted but a few moments longer. Victory crowned the old hunter. The savage ceased to struggle, his muscles relaxed, and he sank down, limp and lifeless, at the scound's feet in the water.

And the savage seeing the inferiority of his foe's long, lank form and wrinkled face, would show no lummification to him, though he were in his death throes, by begging for mercy or calling for help, even were it near. Such is the pride of an Indian's spirit.

The struggle lasted but a few moments longer. Victory crowned the old hunter. The savage ceased to struggle, his muscles relaxed, and he sank down, limp and lifeless, at the scound's feet in the water.

"T'was a good fight," he grinnin' at the ole hedgehog.

"At the ole—"

"We have to depend on our rifles for food," said one of the Avengers, "and we can't work without it."

"That's the right cackle," replied the old hunter; "so I'll go out and snatch in a fine gobble, or a lump o' venison, and if you want a turkey, let me strike a fire to knock the stiffness outta it."

"Perhaps one of us had better accompany you?" said young Harriott.

"Oh, the deuce, no!" replied the hunter, slingin' his rifle over his shoulder and strollin' off into the woods, hummin' to himself "the ole hedgehog."

Old Shadow was a true type of the woods,

It stopped within easy gunshot of Old Shadow, and the next instant his rifle had cracked, and the deceived fowl was floppin' about in his death-throes.

Old Shadow sprung from his ambush and was in the act of stepping into the stream to wade across after the turkey, when he involuntarily started back, with sudden surprise. But it lasted only for a moment. The cause of it was the presence of the body of his late savage foe, floating on the surface of the water before him. But without giving the lifeless form a second glance, and being eager to secure his game, he stepped into the water and began wading across.

But at this instant there was a quietplash in the water, then the old scout felt his legs seized by the arms of the supposed dead Indian, and his feet jerked suddenly from under him. Then began another terrible struggle in the creek, but this time the savage had the advantage.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 136.)

"Mr. Gimp, this is astounding!" cried Oscar, as the revelation burst upon him with overwhelming clearness.

ward the door to escape, but he knew such an attempt would be useless.

"Take the antidote," continued Fez, breaking a silence that was like the air at a cannon's mouth. "Take it, and fear not."

"Will you swear that it is harmless—and an antidote?"

"I will swear to nothing. I give my word. I do not seek to do you harm. Eat, and then I will tell you my secrets."

"Tis done!"

Carew had swallowed the fruit. He scarce knew why he did so, possessed as he was with suspicions of foul play. But it was down.

"Now, Cale Fez, your secrets," sinking into his chair.

"First let me warn you. You have learned the secret of my calling. Remember!" in a snaky, whispering hiss, "if you ever betray me, I have brethren around me who will hunt you to the death!"

"Fear not on that score; but come to our business."

Folding his arms and again bending his gaze to the floor, the Obi man began to unfold that which he had promised.

He half-closed his eyes, and his voice was strangely deep in its monotone, as he spoke the valuable secrets.

"It was years ago, when the birds of summer sung in the trees, and flowers opened to the warm kiss of golden days, there lived a woman—who whose name was Carew—alone with a widowed father, close to this very town."

The eager listener started as the name of Carew was uttered. With scarce a pause, Cale Fez went on:

"Not many months had numbered in her nineteenth year, when there came a lover, who wooed with whisper and caress, and won her. Strangely, too, his name was Carew; so that when they married her name did not change. They were happy. Two hearts met and melted into one; and bright as the smiles of angels were the hours of their united lives. A child was given them, on which they centered many proud, fond hopes. The name they gave the child was 'Vincent'."

"Ha! Vincent!" exclaimed Carew; and he added, mentally: "What's this? Am I going to hear the history of my own family? What does he know of my mother?" Then, aloud: "Go on, Cale Fez."

"As the boy-child grew older," resumed the African, "the father and mother sent it to Europe to be educated. While it was there, the father died. Sorrow came in heavy clouds to the widowed mother. But, a consolation, like a gilded star, rose in the horizon of her woes. Another knelt, and poured forth a love-pleading so strong, so sincere, that, gradually, the face of the dead husband was banished from her memory, and her hand was pledged to a second suitor. I had a sister then—she's far off, in the world above us now—and she was employed in the house of the newly-married ones."

"What was the name of the second husband?" asked Carew, interrupting him rather sharply.

"St. Clair!" he repeated, with a start; and then, while he listened, he was thinking deeply too.

The second marriage, like the first, gave another soul to the molding of the world. This time, it was a girl. They called it Lorilyn."

"Lorilyn!" Vincent Carew was leaning forward in his chair, his ears pricked, and manner that of intensest interest.

Dyke Rouel was, also, becoming wrapt; his terror partially subsiding as he paid attention to the Obi man.

"The child was beautiful," continued Fez; "and as it grew older, so did its beauty grow more perfect. To father and mother it was an idol. The mother heard no more of the child she had sent to Europe, until this second child was near five years old—and never afterward. Her husband, St. Clair, died. Again she was alone in the world; for the gray-haired father had long since sunk to rest in the grave. Heaven did, indeed, test the courage of her faith. Then there came two suitors: one named Mark Drael; and the other, Herod De Wyn. The first name was an assumed one. The man was a brother to the deceased, and his true name was Robert St. Clair. He came from the West. St. Clair was rejected. She bestowed her affections on De Wyn. The wedding-day was fixed. Enraged, filled with murderous thoughts, Robert St. Clair hired a foreign ruffian to strike out the life of the man who stood in his way. They met here—in my house. They signed a contract, in which Mark Drael—that was his signature—promised, on his part, to give Antoine Martinet any thing he might ask for, which human could furnish—all his wealth; every earthly possession, if demanded—provided that Antoine Martinet, on his part, would remove Herod De Wyn. The deed was done. The instrument used was a scorpion. They obtained it from me, and its sting was doubly venomous by a mixture I composed and fed to it. The life-flame of Herod De Wyn went out as quickly as if crushed by a bolt from the skies. Suspicion of foul work was rife with gossip; but no trace, no evidence could be discovered pointing to any one. Mark Drael made another effort to win the widow's hand. She did not like him, and, even in the clear field he had worked for himself, he was sternly rejected. Then, Robert St. Clair realized that he had made a rash bargain with Antoine Martinet. The ruffian, his tool, began to draw upon him in such sums, that utter ruin threatened to be the result. He sought means to stop this drain upon his purse—and hit on a plan. Styly he went to work. One day, it was whispered, that a man had been seen lurking in the garden of the house in which Herod De Wyn lived. This man answered the description of Antoine Martinet. It was enough. Quicly as slenthounds on the track of prey, detectives sprung to the pursuit. But, the hunted man was not asleep. He was not a sloth in his movements. Antoine Martinet, apprised of his danger, fled the country, and never returned. He discovered the hand played by St. Clair, and swore to be even with him."

He paused, and seemed gathering fresh items in his mind; standing silently, and gazing steadfast at the floor.

Carew was now burning with interest. Much of what he had heard he already knew; but, much more was fresh. He sat rigidly in his chair, leaning slightly forward and watching the Obi man intently.

"Go on, Cale Fez! Why do you stop? Is there no more?"

"Yes."

"Then go on, I say!"

"Be patient. I can not speak faster; nor would I, if I could. You must hear me

as I choose to tell you. The widow of St. Clair sunk under the blow. The death of the man she was about to marry cut deep into her heart!"—he stopped short, and glanced quickly at Dyke Rouel.

The black cat had leaped onto the table, and, curling itself up, it began to purr loudly.

Dyke's chair was near the table, and, at the sudden movement of the animal, he recoiled in a way to endanger his equilibrium.

"Go on, Cale Fez!—go on!" exclaimed Carew.

"I will not forget your warning. Come, Dyke!"

"Yes, maester!"

At Carew's call, Dyke Rouel was glad enough to be gone, and he made a bound toward the door.

"We are going, Cale Fez. I want sir.

"I shall strangle if I remain here longer."

Fez nodded his head, but said nothing.

He looked after them, though, with a grim smile, and when they had disappeared, he laughed, in a low, sepulchral strain:

"Ha! ha! ha! you think I do not know you, Vincent Carew! It might be, were it not for my loitering near Birdwood mansion, where I heard your name a hundred times or more. Go ahead—make what you may out of my secrets; but you'll never marry Lorilyn St. Clair, now, I venture."

With Dyke Rouel tripping and jumping at his heels, Vincent Carew strode from the house.

The sun was low in its western field, and he hastened in the direction of the stable where he had left the horses.

"Maester, I'm so glad we're safe out of that awful place! Goody! I never was so safe!"

Carew did not hear him. This man of crime-stained soul was hurrying onward, with head bowed, and mind absorbed.

"I see—I see," he muttered. "The stronger hold Cale Fez meant was that I should threaten to expose Mark Drael to his family—the deceit and trickery he has practiced upon them. But his name is Robert St. Clair! Ah!—he loves Lorilyn. If she knew that her uncle's wickedness had caused the death of her mother, she would turn from him. If people knew that the wealthy and esteemed Karl Kurtz was a man of three names—two of these assumed to cloak his past doings—that, together with an exposure of his league with Antoine Martinet, would indeed crush him to the earth! Ha! ha! a!"

Despite the condition of his thoughts, he laughed hollowly—a laugh that was like a tigerish growl—and quickened his strides.

"Come on, Dyke Rouel; come on."

"Yes, maester, I'm a-coming. But, over that same road, past—past the dead body?"

There was no answer. When they were mounted, Carew struck his spurs savagely at the animal he bestrode, and the two headed for Birdwood, at a brisk gallop. It was near nightfall.

As they passed the city limits, and dashed along the smooth, level road, Dyke kept close to his master, while he glanced shudderingly at the spectral shadows formed by the trees on their either side.

Carew was again muttering:

"So, he sought my life? He purchased poison of Cale Fez, to administer to me? One dose more, and I would have been dead, eh? Now then, Robert St. Clair, look to yourself! Better for you had you died in birth than to rouse this devil within me! Dread, dread are the shadows that shall close in on Birdwood now!"

Two horsemen, going toward the city, were tearing along the road. In a moment they came up—in another moment they were speeding away from him.

"What's the matter?" cried Carew.

"Murder!" was shouted back, and they were out of hearing.

The rattling of the horses' hoofs, as it grew fainter and fainter, sounded with ominous echoes through the lining forests, and he who halted in the road was looking after the disappearing horsemen in a vacant way.

"So they've found it out? It was not long coming to light."

"Maester," sniffed his follower, "didn't he say they'd found out about the—murder?"

"Yes. Come on. Follow."

"But, suppose they should come after us? Oh! my! my! hadn't we better run, maester? I think we had—indeed I do."

"Fool! how can they trace it to us? Guard your tongue, and we are safe. A hint, a careless word, and we shall swing!"

"Don't you think there's any danger?" continued Dyke, falteringly.

"None," was the brief reply; and the word was uttered sharply.

"Oh! h!" Dyke groaned, "I wish you hadn't done it, maester. It's awful!"

"Silence! You gabble too much."

"Yes, maester—I won't say any more," with another groan that ended in a half-whimper.

"I was an adept in imitating the handwriting of others, and I erased such portions as he pointed out, by use of chemicals—filling in again words of his dictation. He married. Lorilyn has grown up; and he loves her fondly. But, she dreams not of what villainy her uncle is guilty; she does not imagine the trick that has been played upon her. That is all. You have my secrets!"

There was that in the recital he had listened to with which well might arouse Vincent Carew to a pitch of excitement threatening the loss of self-control.

"He does not know I am the first child of Margaret Carew!" he thought. "How can he? And what has he told me?—Such a tale! What tale is half of this? Shall I believe it?"

For, like the boom of thunder in his ears, running the revelation that Lorilyn was his half-sister!

He shifted his position uneasily. Here, then, was the explanation of Lorilyn's resemblance to the Phantom which haunted him. The solution of her remarkable faint on the piazza, when he had heard her cry out as if at the presence of some dreaded shape, was arrived at.

And he had been about to force her to wed him! Wicked as he was, dark and devilish each drop of blood, each muscle of his heart, a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, as he saw how narrow had been his escape from the perpetration of that which would have damned him on the records of heaven!

Perhaps it was at that moment a vision of his recent crimes—a picture of his heinous guilt, with his victims frowning at him from beyond the pale of earth—rose up, and wound a cord of terror round his brain.

As he stared at the hideously-painted walls, he fancied he saw Eddy Kurtz—then the face of the murdered mother; finally, the ebon features of the man he had shot down, in cold blood, on the road, only a few hours past.

His mind was seething; a parched feeling came into his throat; and his sinister countenance, at first of a sickly paleness, now reddened, purpled, he struggled with the overwhelming thoughts, fancies—conjurings, which gripped his faculties—succeeded in mastering himself, and, venting a curse, sprung from his chair.

"Have you told me all, Cale Fez? Is there no more?"

"There is no more," replied Fez, calmly.

"By the fiends of the eternal fires! you have earned your five hundred dollars," and he paced the room, with hands pressed against his temples, his bloodshot eyes wild and fierce in their look.

"Did you see the big crowd, maester? Goody! if they find out who did it, we'll be pulled to pieces! One man said, if he could get hold of the murderer, he'd run him through a foddor-outer, headfirst!"

"Be still. Don't talk so much," and then his taxed mind forced fresh mutterings from his lips.

"Since I can not have Lorilyn St. Clair, no one else shall! My rival—curse him!"

"I will not forget your warning. Come, Dyke!"

"Yes, maester!"

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Our Arm-Chair.

A Practical View of It.—Among the curiosities of the correspondence which drift upon us are letters from both sexes—young people—who canvass the question of marriage. A young woman, for instance, living in a central part of New York State, says: "I am of a marriageable age, in fair circumstances, and wish very much to marry, but the young men most all go away to the city and those who remain behind do not appear to want to marry," and she asks—"What can a girl do in such a case?"

Of course we can only answer—"You can do nothing." As custom prohibits women from making advances to the men they love, they are powerless even to betray their wishes; so that, if the men will not take the initiative, there is no possibility of hastening or multiplying marriages.

There is, however, a view of this matter which ought to be well considered by the women. Why don't the young men want to marry? The answer is partially contained in the following extract, which a young man in Lancaster, Pa., remits to ask our view of its correctness:

"But in these days our fashionable girls have ceased to seem any thing but most expensive luxuries. The burdens their wifehood would entail are absolutely appalling. There is no use of talking about it; men *must* be economical. They are in all speculative haste to get rich, or perhaps, on account of such speculations, have learned that the only law of wealth is to save. To earn more than one expends is the inexorable condition of becoming wealthy. What are men to do, then, when matrimony brings them the prospect of a current outlay far beyond their ability to provide? They shun the altar."

This, however, we shall accept with a proper grain of allowance. Very true as applied to "fashionable girls," it is not true as applied to girls born and bred—as our lady correspondent in Central New York evidently has been—to skill in household labor, and with most admirable qualifications for being a helpmate to a husband struggling for a fortune. Such girls are everywhere to be wooed and won; and the young man who starts out in life with the idea that marriage is an expensive adventure is simply committing a lamentable mistake.

Marriage should be, in every sense, a desirable venture, and if it is not so it is simply because the right girl is not chosen.

If young men would *cease* to pay attention to the popular *ys* of society—to run after girls whose ideas of life are all associated with dress and "position"—if they would, on the contrary, seek out the girls of solid worth and sensible ideas regarding their mission and life-duties—society would soon hasten to so remodel its ordinances as to make good house-keeping a virtue and industry in girls a real merit. All girls want to marry; it is unnatural *not* to want man's *best* love; and this fact would surely lead the candidates for marriage to a proper preparation for the great duties that marriage involves, if the young men were less influenced in their associations by ideas of "standing" and "position." Let young men seek out the farmers' daughters, the teachers, the governesses—the *workers*, in fact, giving them the first consideration, and, our word for it, good wives would be the rule and unhappy alliances the exception.

BEWARE OF THAT MAN!

BEWARE of that man who passes the most of his time on the corners of the streets, and whose only seeming occupation is to make remarks—not very complimentary ones—or the passers-by. Such a man can not be one who has good feelings at heart. It strikes me he could have something better to do than lounge about the corners. And, young men, if you value our good opinion, and wish us girls to think well of you, don't stand on the sidewalk and gaze at us as we come out of church. You may think it pleases us, but it doesn't, one bit! What's more, it'll gradually draw you into the style of corner-loafing, and that's an abomination.

Beware of that man who has for a friend and companion one whom he is not willing to introduce into his household, or allow him to associate with his sisters. He can not be good himself, for you know one can not touch pitch without being defiled. I don't think the male sex are half careful enough as regards their companions—it may be that we girls are too particular—though I think such is not the case. Willie is always talking about Jake being "a good-hearted fellow," and all that, and when mamma hears him say so, she asks why Willie doesn't bring this same Jake home with him some time and let her notice his "good-heartedness." Willie declines, on the score that Jake's a good enough street acquaintance, but scarcely one whom a fellow would like to bring home with him. When you hear such a remark as that, you may rest assured that Jake is a low sort of personage, and Willie is not one whit better.

Beware of that man who is so prone to talk of his female acquaintances in the sneering manner which he does. With such a man be very guarded in your speech. If he makes sport of what others have said, what security have you that he will not do the same by you?

Avoid that man who will show the letters he receives from his lady friends, as if they were as common property as the lines in a newspaper. Many of us are too prone to write down our feelings on paper as they occur to our minds, little thinking they may be shown here and there, and often made sport of. But a man who will show a confidential letter to another is not one whose society should be courted; and I tell you, girls, to beware of that man!

Beware of that man who mocks at sacred things and makes a jest of all religion. Such a person can not be honorable or upright; if he has no feeling of love and kindness for a Heavenly Being, he certainly will not for one of earthly mold. His heart must be a selfish one, it will not assimilate with the nobler beings who surround him, and who should shun him as they would a poisonous adder. We should be thankful that there are very few of these despicable beings around us.

Beware of that man who would overwork those in his employ. Such a person is very apt to be a tyrant, and a man who is a tyrant will not make a good husband, and really good husbands are what we need, for I know there are plenty of bad ones.

Girls don't look well before they leap into matrimony—scarcely ever thinking they may be shown here and there, and often made sport of. But a man who will

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Beware of that man who mocks at sacred things and makes a jest of all religion. Such a person can not be honorable or upright; if he has no feeling of love and kindness for a Heavenly Being, he certainly will not for one of earthly mold. His heart must be a selfish one, it will not assimilate with the nobler beings who surround him, and who should shun him as they would a poisonous adder. We should be thankful that there are very few of these despicable beings around us.

Beware of that man who would overwork those in his employ. Such a person is very apt to be a tyrant, and a man who is a tyrant will not make a good husband, and really good husbands are what we need, for I know there are plenty of bad ones.

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Beware of that man who would overwork those in his employ. Such a person is very apt to be a tyrant, and a man who is a tyrant will not make a good

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WOMAN'S EYES.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Come to me, maiden, cease thy deep sighs,
Come lift up thy head and open thine eyes;
I know there's sorrow in years of thy youth,
Yet from their dark depths shines the light of truth.

Oh, something seraphic there seems to lie
In the sweet expression of woman's eye!

Would their mystic language I could discern,
Or feel the warm glow of their flames return,
That shineth in joy so sweetly, so bright,
For swifter now than stars by night;

There is something methinks that never dies,
And that is the tender love in thine eyes.

Piety shines forth and meekness is there,
As sunlight shines through the bland summer air;

When bathed by the crystal fountain of tears,
A light through their pensive shadows appears;

A wealth of virtue there seems to lie

In the sad, meek glance of a woman's eye!

Timothy Tootsbury's Cure.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

TIMOTHY Tootsbury, Esqr., was a very worthy and exemplary old gentleman. He was kind to his family, sociable to his neighbors, upright in his dealings. But, like many another estimable gentleman, he had one failing. And one so marked that it made him a bore to all his acquaintances.

He imagined himself to be a great invalid, tormented by every mortal thing which flesh is heir to, and in spite of the facts that his appetite was excellent, his sleep sound, and his whole appearance robust, he persisted in his belief.

The wonder is that he was not half-dead and the other half, too, for the abominable drugs he was continually pouring down his throat, were enough to have killed a man with a constitution of wrought iron, and as many lives as a cat.

Mr. Tootsbury's wife was a sweet-tempered, gentle-voiced little lady, who at first sincerely believed in and faithfully sympathized with her husband's distresses. And, though she had not failed, long ago, to see the absurdity of his complaints, she was too tender-hearted to wound him by even a seeming indifference or inattention.

With the heroism of a martyr and the patience of an angel, she rose at all sorts of unseasonable hours of the night, or dropped her household duties at the most unseasonable hours of the day, to prepare nauseating messes which ought to have strangled him, but failed to do their duty in that respect or any other.

Mr. Tootsbury was possessed of a moderate competence, but sickness, you know, whether real or imaginary, makes terrible inroads on the expense-book.

So little Mrs. Tootsbury, with a laudable desire to "keep along," added to her already onerous tasks by taking boarders.

Two of these were a couple of sharp young medical students, members of a neighboring college. Of course they saw at once that Mr. Tootsbury's ailments were nothing in the world but imaginary ones, and it aroused their indignation to see him impose so much on the good nature of his patient little wife.

For her sake they dutifully inquired after his welfare every day, and agreed with her cheerfully expressed hopes that he would soon be better. But Timothy, instead of growing better, seemed determined to grow worse.

His torments increased, until at length the young doctors decided that if he would not die himself, he would soon succeed in fretting his poor little wife to death, and something must be done for her sake.

They held a consultation in their own quarters, and at last hit on a plan which they hoped might work his cure. In pursuance of it, they began to show great anxiety after his welfare. They made many inquiries, and several times, when the little wife was not around, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, listened to his heart beat, looked at each other and sighed lugubriously, shook their heads, doubtfully, and dropped vague hints about bad cases like his, and such like, highly interesting and gratifying to Timothy.

One morning, when they thought the time about at hand for the consummation of their plan, they met Mr. Tootsbury taking his morning walk.

Passing him with a friendly "Good-morning," they walked just in front of him, quite close enough to allow him to hear the conversation they carried on in half-subdued tones.

"Looks worse than common this morning," said one.

"Yes," returned the other, with a doleful sigh. "Poor Tootsbury!"

"You don't think he'll last long, then?"

"Oh, no! certainly not. He's bound to die before the winter is over."

"Desperate bad case, isn't it?"

"Dreadful! Never saw any thing like it! Complication of all the diseases under the sun. Terrible case!"

"Likely to drop off any minute, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes. Shouldn't be surprised to go up to dinner any day and find him a corpse. That's why I thought we had better make all arrangements early."

"Then you think we can get his body?"

"Certainly. It's all arranged. He'll be a grand subject for dissection!"

Mr. Tootsbury, listening, began to feel cold chills running all over him, and his hair had a prickly sensation, as if about to stand on end.

The last was rather more than he could stand.

Rushing in front of the apparently astonished young men, he faced suddenly about and addressed them.

"Ahem! Young gentlemen, was it me you alluded to just now?"

The young students appeared covered with confusion, hesitating for an answer.

"I beg you will be candid. I am resolved to 'know,'" said Mr. Tootsbury, sternly.

"Well, sir, yes. We alluded to you," said one of them.

"Ah! And you think I am about to die?"

"Well, sir, yes, we do."

"And you wish to obtain my body, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"In fact, you have made arrangements to that effect?"

"Yes, sir," rather slowly.

"I suppose you mean to dissect me?"

"Yes, sir."

At every question Mr. Tootsbury's color rose, and he grew alternately redder and paler.

"Well, gentlemen, will you be kind enough to inform me why this particular honor is reserved for me?"

"Certainly. You see, sir, we want to find out what is the matter with you. You are always sick, yet always getting fatter; always complaining, yet able to eat more and sleep better than any of us; you look stout and hearty, yet you are an invalid. And we want to know what all this means. We want to sacrifice you to the cause of science."

"You do! Well, young gentlemen, I'm sorry to spoil your fun, but I have a word to say! I don't intend to be sacrificed to the cause of science, or any other cause, just yet! I don't intend to die! I intend to get well! In fact, I am well now! There is nothing the matter with me, and if you venture to say there is, I will thrash you both, right here in the open street! I am quite well, gentlemen! I wish you good-morning, gentlemen. When I wish to dispose of my body I will let you know!"

And the nervous invalid turned on his heel, fully resolved never to die while those medical students were around. While they went their way laughing at the success of their ruse and rejoicing over the recovery of Mr. Tootsbury.

Madame Durand's Protégés:

OR,
THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DE-
CEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MYSTERIOUS CONSULTATION.

DEAD!

Gone on the dark, mysterious journey, without any kindred love to smooth the dim pass which leads from time to eternity.

There were shadows in the room, but the light from the open west window was lingering about the figure so awfully rigid and motionless, invested now with a terror which was greater than the awe madame had been wont to command in those about her.

Briggs came in presently with a lighted taper in her hand, and an humble apology for the slight delay of madame's dinner service, with which the butler was at that moment following.

She advanced to the branching candelabrum with its supply of fresh waxen tapers, and lifted her hand to set them afame.

But, with a howl of affright, she staggered back, and then gaining breath, uttered shriek after shriek of mortal terror.

She had met the open stare of those glazing eyes, faced the pallid, set features with the awesome seat upon them, reflected down from a small inclined mirror upon the wall.

She flung her black silk apron over her head to shut out the sight, stifling her screams in its close folds as she rushed precipitately out, and astonished the staid old butler by fairly throwing her arms about him in the dim anteroom, while she screamed and shrieked inarticulately.

"Oh, it's the madame!—oh, it's the madame!—gone clear dead," she shrieked, distinguishably at last.

The butler shook off her clinging arms at that, and hurried forward, only to verify the asseveration.

And in two minutes more the manser rung with the dread proclamation:

"Madame is dead!"

The effect ran like an electric current through the household. The scene of confusion which would otherwise inevitably have ensued was speedily checked by the young land-agent, who was happily at hand.

Messengers were despatched in all haste to the village; the objectless excitement which prevailed among the servants was quelled by a few explanatory sentences; the housekeeper was brought to her senses by a sharp rebuke and a hastily administered dose of strong brandy and water, and then Valere sprang up the spiral stairway and stood within madame's room.

Mirabel was already there, very pale, but quite calm, and Ross, in an age of terror, was on her knees, chafing the clammy hands that would never again be warmed by the pulsing life-flood.

One morning, when they thought the time about at hand for the consummation of their plan, they met Mr. Tootsbury taking his morning walk.

Passing him with a friendly "Good-morning," they walked just in front of him, quite close enough to allow him to hear the conversation they carried on in half-subdued tones.

"She quite dead, I think," said Miss Durand. "It is her third attack, they say."

Erne took a little hand-mirror from a stand close by and held it to the pallid lips. The polished surface remained undimmed.

"All is over," he said, with sorrowful quietness. "Al, poor Madame Durand!"

They stood silently by the still form. These two generous young hearts sincerely mourned the eccentric old woman, whose ardor had been so suddenly blotted out.

Erne spoke presently.

"Come away, Miss Durand. This is no place for you now."

Even then Briggs appeared in the doorway, accompanied by an elderly woman from the village, whose duty it was to prepare the dead for burial. Doctor Gaines came in at almost the same moment, but after the briefest examination turned away from madame's chair with a sorrowful shake of the head.

Mirabel took Erne's arm, and they passed out together.

Shrinking in the outer doorway, with eyes widely distended and cheeks flushed with hectic flame, stood Fay.

"What is it?" she asked, in an excited whisper. "What does it all mean? Has anything happened the madame?"

Valere explained, gently as he could, but half-recoiled—appalled by the green flame which leaped into those great intense eyes. It seemed to him like a fire of exultation, and a thrill of revulsed feeling chilled him.

She held something concealed in her clenched hand, and, as she turned away without a word, slipped it with a stealthy motion into her bosom. It looked like a tiny gold tube with a glittering star attached.

Mirabel had seen neither that nor the swift flash of those intense green eyes. She followed on in the direction Fay had taken, fearful that the latter might be overtaken again by a hysterical attack.

Fay went below, and out into the fragrant twilight of the court. It was still and cool there, but above he could see the shadows as they came and went on the blinds of that upper room which held the dread visitant of death.

Even with these reminders before him his

thoughts were not with departed madame. He leaned against the trunk of a sturdy oleander tree, baring his head that the cool summer breeze might play about his throbbing temples.

A mystic train of thought was aroused within him, and every nerve was strained to a quiver as he concentrated his mind to follow its dim course.

Point by point it all came out before him like the growing picture from a magic lens.

He saw himself a little ragged, neglected child, in a squalid room, which was dark and forbidding to his baby sense. He sat upon a rude settle, with a little, dark stained-wood casket beside him. The casket had grown familiar enough to him since, but to the child in the pictured scene it was a new, wonderful delight.

The busy little fingers were fumbling with the lock, and the lid flew open under their manipulations. There was a cushioned crimson satin lining, and on this lay a tiny dark vial, closed partially in by a gold tube.

Was it that he had seen in its swift transition from Fay's hand to-night?

The pictured remembrance was too vivid yet to let him dwell upon the possibility.

Still following that strange mental trace, he seemed to see the child seize upon the pretty toy with a delighted cry, and fondle it in the little claw-like hands, all unused to such gleaming objects.

Then he saw a harsh face—the face of a woman—appear above the boy, wearing an expression which was demoniacal while she watched him for a moment without offering to despoil him of the treasure. But suddenly her face changed as though a storm was convulsing it. With a sudden cry, she snatched the vial in its golden casing violently away, but tossed him the empty casket to quiet the grieved cry of the little disappointed heart.

Then the vivid gleam of remembrance was suddenly blotted into utter darkness. If one scene from his early childhood possessed any significance, or any resulting connection with the occurrences of this night, Erne was powerless to follow the thread.

On the morrow early came Mr. Thancroft. He explained that he had been absent from the village on the preceding evening, not returning until past midnight. He spoke a few words to Valere, and the young man conducted him into the library, where madame's business papers and accounts were kept.

Gravely and quietly he examined them, putting his seal upon such documents as seemed of importance.

"I am to wait for Gaines," Mr. Thancroft explained, as they came together out of the library, and he paused to lock the door. "He had patients to attend, but it's quite time he was here. Madame was quite alone at the last, he says."

"Yes; it is all very sad."

"Ah, ah!" sighed the lawyer.

Something seemed weighing upon his mind, he was so nervously abstracted, but it might have been grief for his eccentric old friend.

Doctor Gaines soon afterward appeared, and together, the lawyer and physician went into the quiet chamber where the still form was lying.

"Now," said Mr. Thancroft, in that subdued tone which the presence of death always commands, "of what did madame die?"

The doctor looked at him wonderingly.

"What should she die of but the expected trouble? It was her third stroke, you know, and I always said she wouldn't survive. Brought on by overexertion and excitement as I predicted."

"You're sure it's not poison?"

"Good Lord, no! You don't put any faith in that superstitions fancy, I hope?"

"Scarcely that; but I gave Madama Durand my promise to make the closest investigations after her death."

"She went naturally enough," said the doctor, positively.

"But that doesn't release me, Gaines. You've not made any examination since?"

"It didn't seem necessary."

"I want you to do it now—very closely, indeed!"

"I'll do it to oblige you, Thancroft," answered the doctor. "But I'm confident of the result."

He crossed the room to turn the key in the door, then returned to stoop over the corpse.

The examination lasted not longer than ten minutes.

"There are no outward traces of any thing of a poisonous nature," he announced.

Would you believe it, I would willingly scatter every wild dream of coming state and power, for the certainty of winning peerless Mirabel Durand!"

"Oh, misere, misere!" the woman uttered, in wailing monotone.

"Ah, chant over your defeat—bury your hopes, whatever they were," mocked Ware.

"My misery isn't courting companionship."

He turned abruptly away, strode over a little space of flickered light and shade, and then was lost to view.

The woman stood still, with her gaunt white hands locked close together. The last sound of his receding footsteps died away, and then a great tenderness you would never have imagined it capable of, stole down upon the woman's face, and tears that seemed wrung from the very endurance of suffering, welled into her cavernous eyes.

(To be continued—Continued in No. 134.)

The Wronged Heiress: The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY BETTY WINWOOD.
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST SPIDER," "WHO WAS SHE?" "BAFFLED; OR, THE DEBENHAM PROBLEM," "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN," "TWO LOVES," "MIRIAM BEEVOR'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TAKING REFUGE.

THERE was an instant's dead silence in the room. Then Philip put Mabel away from him—for she lay sobbing and trembling in his arms—and bent over the two figures lying on the floor.

There was a groan from Belmont.

"Help me up," he growled, savagely, "unless you wish to kill me outright."

Dick helped to raise him, and they laid him on the couch. Then Philip hastened to learn the extent of his injuries.

"It is nothing more than a flesh wound," he said presently. "With the proper care, no evil results are to be apprehended."

Belmont muttered an oath: but Dick Dare-devil drew a deep breath of relief.

"The glad of that," he said, cold beads of sweat standing out on his forehead. "Murder is an ugly business. I'm not used to that sort of thing. I meant to stop the villain's little game, but I don't want his blood on my hands. God forbid."

"Bah!" sneered Belmont. "You're soft-hearted than I would have been in your place. But the power is all in your hands, just at present, curse you."

"Yes, the power is in our hands."

Dick helped to raise Mrs. Pratt as he spoke. A glass of wine stood on the mantel, and he poured a few drops of the red liquid between her lips.

She heaved a deep sigh, and slowly unclosed her eyes.

At the same instant, footsteps were heard to ascend the stairs.

Again Philip Jocelyn caught Mabel's half-fainting form in his arms.

"Quick!" he gasped. "Follow me, Dick. We must get out of this before our enemies are reinforced."

He sprang through the window with his precious burden, and darted down the balcony steps to the lawn, followed closely by Dick.

It is probable that Gilbert Belmont had no servants in the house on whose fidelity he could rely, for no opposition was offered to their departure—no pursuit made.

The two young men hurried as rapidly as Mabel's trembling limbs would permit—to the nearest house, where they hired a boy to drive them to the city.

When they were once safely ensconced in the rude farm-wagon which was their conveyance, Mabel related her simple story, sobbing like a child the while, for she felt very grateful because of Philip's opportune arrival.

"Take me at once to Woodlawn," she pleaded. "Let me face Mrs. Lauderdale and her husband together. Then, I am sure, we can come at the truth of what that wicked woman knows of me."

But Philip shrank his head.

"Where am I to remain during the interim?" she asked, presently.

"I will take you to some of my own friends where you can remain in safety."

At this point Dick interrupted them.

"You forget, Mr. Jocelyn," he said, "that it is very necessary for you, also, to lie *perdu* for the present. Your life or liberty, perhaps both, are threatened. If you go back to your old haunts, your enemies will know where to find you again."

"True."

There was a thoughtful silence, which Dick broke at last.

"I know a place which would afford a safe refuge for yourself as well as Miss Trevor."

Philip's face brightened. It was very pleasant to think of remaining several days under the same roof that sheltered Mabel.

"Where is it?" he asked, eagerly.

"A boarding-house in Canal street. I know the landlady well, and she can be trusted. You will not be compelled to come in contact with the other boarders unless you wish."

"Perhaps we had better go there until Mabel's spirits have recovered their usual tone."

And the matter was thus decided.

They dismissed the driver while still a couple of squares from their destination, and continued their journey on foot. It was better to give Belmont no clue by which to trace them.

They were soon seated in a private room of the boarding-house in question.

Dick did most of the talking that was necessary.

"Mrs. Brown," he said, addressing the landlady, a square-jowled but not unkind-looking woman, "this young gentleman and lady are my friends. I have brought them here to you, and promised them your sympathy and protection."

"That was right, Dick," Mrs. Brown returned, heartily. "Anybody that you bring to this house is sure of a welcome."

Then, regarding the young couple somewhat curiously, she said:

"You are brother and sister, I suppose?"

"No," replied Mabel, blushing.

"Ah!" starting a little. "But others may be coming in."

Mabel laughed disdainfully.

"No, no," blushing more vividly than ever.

"Ah! I understand. You are lovers, of course. So much the better. You shall have the best of every thing the house affords."

"Please bear in mind, Mrs. Brown," put in Dick, "that they wish to remain very quiet for the present. In fact, they will see no company whatever."

The woman's eyes dilated a little; but she only answered:

"Of course."

"You have spare apartments where the necessary privacy can be secured? Circumstances compel them to seclude themselves for a brief season. In fact, the young lady has powerful enemies who seek her life."

Mrs. Brown's sympathies were thoroughly enlisted.

"I'm glad you brought the young lady here. Poor dear. I'd like to see the villain who would dare tear her away from my house!"

And the good woman shut her lips tightly together, thus giving emphasis to what she said.

"I must take leave of you for the present," said Dick. "Miss Mabel, have you no message to send to Julia?"

"Yes," cried Mabel, eagerly. "Tell her how grateful I am—how much I love her. Tell her, too, that I am praying for the day to come when I can repay her kindness."

Dick bowed low. This loving message to such a girl as Julia touched him as nothing else could have done.

"Heaven bless you, lady," he said gently. "If the time ever comes when Dick Dare-devil can do right to serve you, you can reckon on the very last drop of blood in my veins."

He swung on his heel as he spoke, and in another minute, was gone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Poison!

In her luxuriously-furnished boudoir at Woodlawn sat Mrs. Lauderdale, dreaming her own wild dreams of increased wealth and power.

"All works well," she murmured, softly, to herself. "Mabel is dead, and Philip has been placed in such close confinement that it is out of his power to molest me or make any untoward discoveries. I am fortunate."

A sneering smile curled her full red lip as she thus soliloquized.

Ah, how different would have been her feelings had she known that Mabel was still living and Philip had escaped, and the two were only awaiting a fitting opportunity to confront her and expose her true character to the world!

At this moment a servant entered, bearing a soiled and greasy note on a silver salver.

"For me?" queried Mrs. Lauderdale, in real surprise.

"For madam," returned the polite servant, and departed.

Mrs. Lauderdale glanced sharply at the address, and seemed to recognize the hand for a sudden pallor overspread her face.

"Richard!" she muttered; "or rather, Miles, as he chooses to designate himself. What can he want of me, I wonder?"

She tore open the envelope. The inclosure was very brief, and read thus:

"I have found out all I can concerning the man on whose track you set me. But I don't feel disposed to come to Woodlawn to bleed for my executions. You had better come to me. It will be safer."

"Bring money, and plenty of it. I won't brook any stinginess on your part. You will find me at No. 33 Cherry street, this afternoon at four. I advise you to be on hand."

"MILES."

Mrs. Lauderdale's face darkened ominously as she read this letter.

"I'll come, oh, never fear but that I'll come!" she said, in a low, hissing tone.

Her supple white hands began to twist about each other with a nervous movement which would have betrayed, even to a casual observer, how deeply the woman was moved.

"Of course Miles refers to Gilbert Belmont in the opening of his letter," she muttered, after she had sat thinking, thinking for a long, long time. "I had half forgotten that he was set to watch Belmont. But it is well."

Then a sudden lurid light flashed into her false but beautiful eyes.

"That man, Miles, is my evil genius," she panted. "He has it in his power to ruin me at any moment. And he'll do it, too, if I show the least sign of rebellion. I understand his game. He intends to bleed me, bleed me like a leech, until there is nothing left of his avaricious hands to seize upon; but I can not submit to it; I will not!"

She rose with a fierce, impetuous movement, and crossed to a small cabinet that stood in one corner of the apartment.

"Oh, yes, Miles Duff, I'll come to Cherry street to see you," she said, between her set teeth, while fumbling in a small drawer full of vials and packages. "I'll come, and bring the money. But I shall bring something else, too!"

And a smile of deadly meaning curled her red lips.

She had evidently come to some dark and terrible decision. But it was a decision known only to herself; for on this occasion she took neither Jane Burt nor Bill Cuppings into her counsels.

It was an ominous fact.

The day wore on. Mrs. Lauderdale left the house, unperceived by any of the servants, and when the city clocks chimed the hour of four, she was in Cherry street, and knocking at the door of No. 33.

It was a ruined old building, with half its windows boarded up, and did not look as if it had had an occupant for many years.

The bold, bad woman's eyes twinkled wickedly as she took cognizance of this fact.

They were soon seated in a private room of the boarding-house in question.

Dick did most of the talking that was necessary.

"Mrs. Brown," he said, addressing the landlady, a square-jowled but not unkind-looking woman, "this young gentleman and lady are my friends. I have brought them here to you, and promised them your sympathy and protection."

"That was right, Dick," Mrs. Brown returned, heartily. "Anybody that you bring to this house is sure of a welcome."

Then, regarding the young couple somewhat curiously, she said:

"You are brother and sister, I suppose?"

"No," replied Mabel, blushing.

"Ah!" starting a little. "But others may be coming in."

Mabel laughed disdainfully.

"No fear of that. I've hired the house all to myself. Nobody else has any business here."

Mrs. Lauderdale looked at him attentively.

"What could you want of the old shell?" she asked.

"Bah! I don't be too inquisitive, Martha. Trust me to make it useful. It will be a good resting-place for you and me, love, if it answers no other purpose. Besides, I can afford the expense, since you have become my banker."

Mabel winced. "Never mind that," she said. "Let us go to Woodlawn to-morrow," he said.

"You shall go to Woodlawn to-morrow," he said. "And if Mrs. Lauderdale knows aught of your parentage, we will assuredly find means to make her divulge that knowledge."

Mabel looked thoughtful. "There is one woman who might, I think, be of material use to us in what we have to do," she said, at last.

"Who is that?"

"Mrs. Pratt."

Philip did not confide to her his own suspicions. He thought it better to excite no hopes in her bosom that might not be realized.

"You shall go to Woodlawn to-morrow," he said. "And if Mrs. Lauderdale knows aught of your parentage, we will assuredly find means to make her divulge that knowledge."

Mabel looked thoughtful. "There is one woman who might, I think, be of material use to us in what we have to do," she said, at last.

"Who is that?"

"Mrs. Pratt."

Philip knew very well to whom she referred. "What?" he cried, with a start. "Is it possible that that woman is mixed up in your affairs?"

The young girl told him all that had transpired at Hedge Hall. He listened to the recital in real amazement.

"I think you are right," he said, thoughtfully. "That woman ought to accompany us to Woodlawn. And she shall! I will go for her early in the morning."

Mabel started and shuddered.

"Will it be safe?" she asked. "Remember that you have secret and powerful enemies."

"Those enemies will, I am sure, be put to rout the instant we enter the doors of Woodlawn," he said, with a singular smile. "Besides, I shall take a sufficient force with me, when I go to Hedge Hall, to guard against all evil."

"Mrs. Pratt may refuse to return with you."

"I do not think she will."

Mabel seemed not a little surprised at the positive tones in which he spoke.

"How can you feel so assured?" she asked.

"I know enough of Gilbert Belmont's doings to hand him over to the officers of justice. With that threat dinned in her ears, Mrs. Pratt will consent to anything. You have seen how fond she is of him. I am sure a secret relationship of some sort exists between the two."

"The same thought has occurred to me."

"We can, you see, count on Mrs. Pratt's help through her love for Gilbert Belmont. She will divulge any thing rather than he should come to harm."

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"Little squaw chief, who bring presents from the Great Father over the water. The Six Nations obey her voice."

"I have heard of this woman before," said the president. "She seems to be the Indian agent of the English king. What had she to do with the prisoner, chief?"

Black Eagle looked puzzled.

"I mean, had she any authority to take him from you?"

"Yes," said the chief, promptly. "Great paper, much big, big green seal of Great Father over the water. Take any thing. Semecu says yes."

"And you gave him up to her? Did you make him promise any thing?"

"No," said Black Eagle. "Give him to Spy Queen. That all."

"That will do," said the president, gravely. "Mr. Barbour, have you any questions to ask?"

He looked a little disappointed, for he had expected to find Everard's words corroborated by the chief, and he sympathized with the former.

"Black Eagle," said Everard, in a shaking voice, "you say I made no promise to you. Did you know of my making any to any one else, when I was left without a guard?"

The chief looked thoughtful.

"The mind of Black Eagle is dark," he said, finally. "He can not say to whom you promised."

"Do you know what I promised?" asked Everard, eagerly.

"Little chief promised not to run away, if the Senecas did not tie his hands and feet," said the chief, promptly.

The young officer gave a low sigh of relief.

"That is all I have to offer on that point, General," he said. "You see I was under parole?" And he sat down.

"May it please the court," said Captain Randolph, rising, "the prosecution submits that that is not enough. The prisoner has not proved that he was under parole to a recognized officer of the enemy. We do not wish to be hard on him, but such a weak defense for being found in the enemy's lines I never heard. If he has nothing more to offer, I move for judgment on the charge and specifications."

"I am not quite through," said Everard, sadly. "For what follows I have nothing but my own word to offer, to-day. Heaven may send the witness in time. Gentlemen, the day after Murphy, the ranger, left She-squin, I was released from my parole and escaped to Philadelphia. I am not at liberty to say how I was released, but I escaped and reported to General Arnold in Philadelphia, where I was seen by him and his wife—then Miss Shippen—and by a sergeant of my regiment who was in the adjutant's office, but who was killed last year with General Sullivan, at the Chemung. That very night, while copying papers for the General, I came across one of the letters from Major Andre to him, signed John Anderson, and a return of all our forces addressed to Sir Henry Clinton by his initials. While examining these and hardly believing my eyes, I was surprised by the General, who displayed great indignation, and ordered me to my room under arrest. Gentlemen, I was confused. You know how reluctant you all were to believe a brave soldier like General Arnold guilty of treason, and in my confusion I had surrendered into his hands the papers, so that I had no proof that my suspicions were true. While in this wavering state of mind I was served with charges in his own handwriting. The second charge was the same under which proceedings were afterward taken, which you have here. The first was for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman in examining his papers, and that charge and specification, gentlemen, will prove to you that I must have been in Philadelphia on that night. That charge, gentlemen, in Arnold's writing, I have concealed next to me ever since, and here it is."

As he spoke he drew from his vest the soiled and worn paper containing those charges, which he had superstitiously preserved for two years. It produced a manifest effect in court.

A hush had fallen on the officers com-

posing it, during the novel revelation made by our hero, and when he had finished, the paper was carefully examined by all present, and various muttered comments made upon it.

"Mr. Barbour," said the president, gravely. "As officers and gentlemen we may believe the truth of your statement, when as members of this court we are obliged to ask for more proof. It seems that all the witnesses to the fact of your being in Philadelphia are in the enemy's lines, and although the fact of those charges being in the handwriting of the traitor may explain much, it proves little. The statement is not sworn to, and Arnold is not here to be cross examined."

"I wish he was; General," said Everard, innocently.

"I echo the sentiment with all my heart," said the General, with emphasis.

"If ever we catch him—But to your case, sir. How do you account for being in New York, even admitting that you were in Philadelphia?"

"That very night, sir," said Everard, in a low tone, "while still confused and uncertain what to do, I was visited by my father."

"Indeed!" said the president; "and where is he now?"

"In the enemy's lines, sir," said Everard, still lower. "He is a Tory, and a secret agent of the enemy."

There was another hush. It was a bush of compassion for the son telling of his own father's disgrace.

"Go on, sir," said the president. "What happened?"

"My father," said Everard, "had been in correspondence and communication with Arnold for a long time, and knew him well, as he was. He pressed me to break my arrest and come with him to General Washington to state the truth of the case, and save my future career. Uncertain I was if my General was not a traitor, I rashly broke arrest and fled with my father, believing fully that I was going up the river, toward Morristown. Instead of that I found that I was deceived when it was too late and I was out at sea. I was a prisoner on board a smuggler owned by Arnold and my father, conjointly, and commanded by the latter. I found that I was trapped, and must soon be landed in New York. My father, an obstinate loyalist, had been endeavoring to win me to his side since the war began. Now he exulted in his work. Gentlemen, I can not blame him. He was as fully in earnest as I was. I saw that I was lost. If I landed in New York a

prisoner, I was still liable to be held a deserter, absent without leave. I had broken arrest. A traitor had put me under the arrest, truly. All the same, I had no proofs. I resolved to get those proofs at any hazard, and to that end joined the Queen's Rangers, pretending to desert. I got the proofs, sent them to General Washington. Arnold was detected and Andre captured, the plot averted and West Point saved by my means, and now, gentlemen, act your pleasure. General Washington knows the last part of my story to be true. I have no proofs of the rest but my own word, now."

When Everard had finished, there was a whispered consultation among the members of the court. It was disturbed by a confused noise outside the windows, and Everard, who stood close to one, involuntarily glanced down. He saw a magnificent thoroughbred horse standing trembling before the door, ready to fall, while the slight, delicate figure of a lady in a blue riding-habit was just springing off and running to the entrance door. He saw the sentry on duty cross his musket before her as if to forbid entrance, while a crowd of curious soldiers stood laughing by.

Then on a sudden they all shrank back, as the majestic form of the General-in-chief appeared on the steps, as if to inquire what was the matter. Washington spoke a few words to the sentry, and then advanced, with the stately courtesy which always distinguished him, offering his arm to the lady, to conduct her into the house.

Everard was recalled from the brief glimpse of this little drama by the voice of the president, who was saying:

"Mr. Barbour, have you nothing else to say in your defense, and no more witnesses to offer?"

"If I could offer my father, I might say 'yes,'" returned Everard. "But of what avail is it? Father can not testify for son, and if he could, how could I get him?"

"In consideration of the hardship of your case," said the president, "we have about concluded, Mr. Barbour, to request the Commander-in-chief to send in a flag to New York, bearing a safe conduct for your father. Courts-martial are subject to no rules of evidence, such as obtain in criminal courts, and we are competent to judge of the credibility of testimony. If such is your desire, Mr. Barbour, we will send in now to the law of favor."

"General," said Everard, his eyes filling with tears, "you are too kind to me. I accept the offer with gratitude."

"Captain Randolph, give our compliments to General Washington, and make the request," said the president, kindly.

The Judge Advocate bowed and left the room.

When he was gone a silence fell on the party. Everard was in cruel suspense as to whether the request would be granted. It seemed an age to him ere he heard the returning footsteps of Randolph, who had really been absent about ten minutes.

The Judge Advocate came briskly back and threw open the door wide. Other footsteps were heard behind him, the slow, stately tread of a man with riding boots and clattering spurs, and the light, hurried footsteps of a girl. Captain Randolph announced, in a loud voice:

"Gentlemen, the Commander-in-chief, and a new witness."

Everard uttered a cry of mingled surprise and incredulity as he beheld the towering form of Washington, and leaning on his arm the well-known figure of Charlotte Lacy.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WITNESSES.

The whole of the court-martial rose at the announcement, and the members respectfully saluted the General.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, "you all know that it is not my custom in general to interfere with the proceedings of courts-martial. In the case now on trial, I have an extraordinary reason for the seeming breach of etiquette. The lady by my side has ridden all the way from Fort Lee, at full speed, putting herself absolutely in our power, for no other purpose than to testify on behalf of the young officer you are trying. Gentlemen, I have heard the story, and I believe that when you have heard it, you will acquit Mr. Barbour of desertion two years ago. As for his residence in New York, that has been fully accounted for by the great service and important intelligence he was the means of furnishing us, in consequence of the opportunities afforded him by his pretended position in the enemy's forces. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Miss Charlotte Lacy, Chief of the British Secret Service in America, who has given herself up into our hands, to perform her duty."

The officers had listened in bewildered astonishment to the General's address, and when he had concluded, bowed low before the extreme beauty and grace of Charlotte Lacy.

The girl was very pale, but the perfect contour of her face, the bright gold of her hair, and the depth of her large blue eyes, were overpowering yet. She was dressed in a blue riding-dress, a broad hat and ostrich feather, damp with last night's mist, hanging at the back of her shapey head.

She advanced to the table, and in a low, sweet voice, addressed the court.

"I shall never hate any one again, Marian," said Charlotte, musing. "I have been accustomed to think of the Contingents as rebels and murderers, and I have served the king faithfully against them, but since I have seen your chief face to face I have learned what true nobility is. From henceforth I become a simple lady again, and when the war is over, dear, perhaps before, you shall see Charlotte again, and perhaps you'll let her be called aunt Charlotte then."

The last words were spoken with a smile in a low voice, and Marian blushed violently.

"It was I, gentlemen," she pursued, "who made the first approaches to the dastard traitor, Arnold, whom we despise as much as you do, now. It was I who strove hard to corrupt Mr. Barbour, a young lieutenant on his staff. I tried hard, gentlemen, but let me tell you that I failed, with all my arts, to shake his allegiance to America. Befitting you, gentlemen, he had not one friend with him, his own father was against him, and all his relations were loyalists. With so many temptations to fall, is it not a marvel that he stood at all? But he did, and kept his honor unsullied through all. He refused to escape from Sheshequin, it is true, because he had given me his parole not to escape. I gave it back to him. He escaped at once, and went to Philadelphia. Again I tempted him. Again he would not yield. His honor as a gentleman would not let him betray me, but he stood fast for

his country. His father, too, he could not betray. We surrounded and besieged him night and day, and still he yielded not. He found out something of the treason of his General, and the latter took the alarm in time and arrested him. I arranged the whole plot with General Arnold, myself, and he was carried to New York by a trick. Well, gentlemen, even then, when every one else thought him a deserter, his father and I knew different. We kept him in the city at the depot of the Queen's Rangers on purpose that he might not escape. We dared not let Sir Henry Clinton know him as he was, for we both loved and feared for our boy, and hoped to win him over to the king's cause yet. But he escaped our vigilance at last, and returned to his duty at once. Gentlemen, have me shot, and release him. I am the Spy Queen, and I am in your power: but he is as innocent as a child."

Her statement made a profound impression on every one. The General-in-chief

implied himself stood silently by, watching its effect, and noticed the many kind glances thrown at the prisoner. He now interposed, and handed Charlotte to a seat, when he spoke himself:

"I come as a volunteer witness here, gentlemen. I can not send in the flag, you request, because it is now unnecessary. I have just received a dispatch from Colonel Hamilton, to say that he will be here in a few minutes with Mr. John Barbour himself."

"Farewell, chief," said Charlotte, "The Spy Queen will never be seen again. She ceases to be, from this day."

"It is good," said the Indian, gravely. "Spies and forked tongues are bad in the eyes of the Great Spirit. Let my sister be only the blue Star-flower of the pale-faces. It suits her better. Farewell."

A second gun from the boat and a second waving of the flag announced that the English agents should have taken the boat.

The little party separated reluctantly, and Tim rode down the hill to bring back the horses when the two English agents should have taken the boat.

With that lavish generosity toward

Everard, which always had distinguished her, Charlotte had insisted on his accepting the deed of her Philadelphia house as her wedding gift, besides the horse on which she had ridden on her errand of mercy to save him. His own horse, which he had turned loose when he had made his escape with the Skimmers, had been found and returned to him, and his marriage had found him much better provided with this world's goods than he had ever before been.

They remained at the top of the hill, watching till their friends were safely embarked, and Tim Murphy was slowly returning.

"Poor Charlotte," said Marion, pressing closer to her husband as the boat skinned away. "How should I have felt had I lost you?"

Everard made no answer. He was watching Black Eagle, who, leaning on the muzzle of his rifle, his back turned to them, was gazing mournfully at the distant city of New York. Everard silently pointed him out to his wife.

"What think you of, chief?" asked Marion, gently.

Black Eagle looked up, his face gloomy and mournful, as he answered:

"The Star-flower has lost the Little Chief, but she goes to her people. They will console her, and the Star-flower will be happy. Black Eagle has lost the White Flower, but he has no people to go to, and he won't be kilt, and it's Tim Murphy's b'y'lllance at yer widdin' yet. Hurroo! Black Eagle, ye ould thata, give me yer fist, ould boy. Bedad, I b'lave I'm crazy, darlin'."

And so it seemed.

Never was a court-martial broken up in such undignified haste as this one, now that its members were satisfied of the truth of Everard's story. Before sunset he was restored to liberty, and the story of his wrongs flew like wildfire all over the camp.

From a traitor he had become a hero.

CHAPTER XL.

THE END.

SOME days afterward a group of people on horseback were gathered on the summit of the road that led down to Fort Lee and the river. In the center of the group, white-frocked and picturesque, a mounted rifleman held aloft a long lance, from the summit of which fluttered the white folds of a flag of truce. Below them and close to the shore was a large boat with the English ensign in the stern, and a corresponding flag of truce at the bow. Charlotte Lacy and John Barbour were near together in the group, and Marian and Everard were conversing earnestly with them.

Everard was once more handsomely equipped as a dragoon officer, and the double epaulets of a captain glittered on his shoulders, while a party of dragoons in the rear indicated that he was restored to his old comrades.

Marian and Charlotte had their hands clasped.

"You believe all I have said, Marian, do you not?" said the beautiful Spy Queen, earnestly. "Believe me, dear, if I had known you as I do now, so good and gentle, Charlotte would never have given you the pain she has. You may well be proud of your Everard, Marian. He has been true to you under all the temptations man could undergo. He has forgiven me now. Do you too forgive me, Marian?"

"Indeed I do, Charlotte," returned the girl. "Oh! when will this cruel war be ended, when we can be friends together at last? You have been so good to us now, when I know what cause you have to hate me."

"I shall never hate any one again, Marian," said Charlotte, musing. "I have been accustomed to think of the Contingents as rebels and murderers, and I have served the king faithfully against them, but since I have seen your chief face to face I have learned what true nobility is. From henceforth I become a simple lady again, and when the war is over, dear, perhaps before, you shall see Charlotte again, and perhaps you'll let her be called aunt Charlotte then."

The last words were spoken with a smile in a low voice, and Marian blushed violently.

"It was I, gentlemen," she pursued, "who made the first approaches to the dastard traitor, Arnold, whom we despise as much as you do, now. It was I who strove hard to corrupt Mr. Barbour, a young lieutenant on his staff. I tried hard, gentlemen, but let me tell you that I failed, with all my arts, to shake his allegiance to America. Befitting you, gentlemen, he had not one friend with him, his own father was against him, and all his relations were loyalists. With so many temptations to fall, is it not a marvel that he stood at all? But he did, and kept his honor unsullied through all. He refused to escape from Sheshequin, it is true, because he had given me his parole not to escape. I gave it back to him. He escaped at once, and went to Philadelphia. Again I tempted him. Again he would not yield. His honor as a gentleman would not let him betray me, but he stood fast for

the end."

"We have in hand a new story by Mr. Whittaker, viz.:

THE ROCK RIDER;

THE SPIRIT OF THE SIERRAS.

It is a work of unusual and very peculiar interest, its characters being wholly out of the usual order of men in the Mountains, and its story being of a wild, weird and intensely dramatic order. It will confirm the fine impression of the author's power made by "Double-Death," which has been pronounced one of the best serials of the year.

Albert W. Aiken's New Serial.

We will give, in the next number, the first chapter of Mr. Aiken's great story of Life Among the New England Looms, viz.:

A STRANGE GIRL.

Brilliant, graphic, intense, the author strikes

a singularly new and original line of characters, and in a plot at once

timely.

THAT COMET.

BY JOE JOE JR.

Confound these old star-gazers who predicted that the comet would lately drop upon the earth! As straight as any plummet, And when it did, it was a squash, O' sinistra the star, And send the atoms to the winds—

The passengers to glory.
I borrowed money and I paid Each dollar I was owing; Those debts had never, never gone, Though they had long been going; My creditors were highly pleased, Their hearts were quite soothed, Then I took a hand and helped the world—

World come to an end often.

I signed the performance pledge at once, Renounced my friends and my home, And vowed for my remaining hours To lead a life more prudent: I went and hastily forgave The men that I was hating—

I must admit to do this last Was rather aggravating.

I vowed that I should tell the truth And held my tongue by it— A resolution hard to make, Known best to those who try it. Repeated me of all the faults That I acknowledged having, And pardoned all the men for whom Had a judgment saving.

I went to those before whose eyes I held my tongue, and humbly asked Forgive me for my error. I gave my blessing to my friends, My old clothes to my neighbor, And sent my resignation in To you, dear model paper.

But then it's always just like To be so disappointed, The coming hard to make, Because it's talk about I'm mad to think before my foes I should have been so humble, And then, I might have saved those debts—

I'll never cease to grumble.

Before the Wedding-day.

A STORY OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

THE SNOW lay deep in the narrow streets of old New York, and the icy blast pene- trated the hearts of all who were abroad that dreary midwinter day.

At the window of one of the finest buildings that New York in 1800 could boast of sat a young girl whose countenance beamed with seraphic loveliness. She had just laid an antique but elegantly-bound book aside, and, with chin resting upon a dimpled hand, she gazed listlessly into the street.

The opening of a door and the entrance of a man failed to disturb her reverie, and not until his hands touched her shoulder was she aware of his presence.

"Maud Ashdyle, I am ashamed of you," said the man, whose silver hair gave him a venerable appearance. "Here you sit, upon the eve of your wedding, as unconcerned as though nothing were going to happen. Perhaps you were thinking of that Jack Hardy whose head, ere this, graces a mermaid's temple."

"Father, you are cruel," cried the girl, turning suddenly upon the old man, who regarded her with un pitying expression. "I love him—I can love none else."

"Pish!" he cried, with a sneer. "Two weeks after your marriage I could not convince you that such a graceless scamp as Jack Hardy ever existed. Come, girl, make good your word as becomes a woman. One year since you promised to wed Gilbert Craven unless Captain Hardy returned during the time just mentioned. The sea does not give up its dead. You know that I have searched for my missing ship—that my men have scoured every ocean, but not a clue to her fate has been discovered."

"Save the bottle," she said.

"Yes, I'd forgotten that. It was in his handwriting, you know, and when, against that evidence, you refused to believe him dead, I spent thousands of dollars searching for an impossibility."

"Father, I thank you," she said, gently taking his hand. "But, oh, spare me the sacrifice of the morrow. Would you have me give Gilbert Craven, a hand without a heart?"

"As I have said, you will soon learn to love him," answered Gerald Ashdyle. "He is handsome, talented and winning, and loves you with all the strength of his manly nature."

"It all may be, father, but something tells me that poor Jack Hardy is not dead—that—"

"I will listen no longer to such idle talk," cried the old man, turning suddenly from the girl. "Prepare for the wedding, for to-morrow you become Mrs. Craven," and, as he slammed the door in her face, he murmured: "I have not plotted in vain. I am not to be baffled by the speculations of a weak woman. Don't I know that Jack Hardy is dead? Didn't I pay old Roscommon three thousand golden dollars, and give him the command of one of my best vessels, for tossing him overboard during a typhoon? A-ha! I, by proxy, rid the world of you, Jack Hardy, and conscience brands me not for the deed. Conscience! It's a myth, for were it not, I would feel its lashings."

Gerald Ashdyle's gray hairs did not prevent him from becoming a great criminal. He was the richest ship-owner in ancient Gotham. His vessels plowed the trackless wastes of every known sea on the globe, and gold flowed into his coffers like a molten stream.

Handsome Jack Hardy, as thorough a sailor as ever trod the decks of a merchant vessel, commanded the ship-owner's staunchest craft, and was Maud Ashdyle's accepted suitor. For a long time Gerald Ashdyle smiled upon his only daughter's choice, and heaped honors and gold upon the young man. He never dreamed, until Gilbert Craven crossed his path, that Maud had other loves than the Sea Gull's com- mander.

Gilbert Craven was an aristocrat, while John Hardy made no pretensions beyond his humble station. Willy the young parvenu wormed himself into Ashdyle's confidence, and sup- planted his seafaring rival.

At length he broached a plot to Gerald Ashdyle, and what, a year since, the wealthy ship-owner would have spurned with contempt, he now seized with avidity.

One day the Sea Gull sailed from New York, and Maud Ashdyle looked in vain for her lover's return. Her father appeared exercised for the safety of the vessel, while he kept in his heart the secret, that all this time the Sea Gull, newly painted and bearing a different name, was still upon the waves into whose merciless arms,

for his money, John Hardy had been hurled.

The MS. in the bottle was a forgery! A year passed away, and Gilbert Craven pressed his suit. Maud Ashdyle gently re- pused him, saying that Jack Hardy still lived, and would return some day. She hoped against hope, until her heart grew sick, and, at length, to rid herself of the opportunities of her father, she promised to wed Gilbert Craven, if another year rolled by without bringing Jack Hardy to her heart.

The allotted time passed, and the loved form still remained from Maud's sight.

Yet, upon the eve of her wedding, she refused to believe her lover dead.

"I know Gilbert Craven," she said, when her passionate parent strode from the room. "Friends have seen him in the company of those who mightily fight the striped beast over the green cloth. And am I doomed to wed such a man? Were I to peremptorily refuse to become his bride on the morrow, with a father's curse I would be thrust from beneath the roof that has sheltered me through storm as well as sun- shine; and oh! to think of being turned into the street at such a time!" and, as a gust of wintry wind shook the window, an icy shudder shot to Maud's heart.

Still seated at the window, she turned to her chamber. "The wedding will be as dreary as the night without. 'Oh, John! John! why sailed you on that fatal voyage?'

As the night advanced, the weather moderated, and the great gray clouds discharged their burden of snow.

Along the dock where lay Gerald Ashdyle's stately ships, paced a corpulent watchman, whose old-fashioned lantern threw a vivid glare far out upon the snow.

He did not mind the monster flakes, for a great overcoat protected his form, and the face that peeped from the collar owned a kind expression.

"Deary me, how it snows!" he exclaimed.

The old watchman rubbed his hands before the antique hearth, while his wife led Maud to a change of raiment.

Suddenly a cry passed Agnes' lips, and Job turned in his chair. He beheld his wife embracing Maud, and sobbing for joy.

"What's the matter, Agnes?" cried the old watchman, springing forward.

"At last! at last!" cried his wife, throwing back the faded sleeve that covered Maud's arm. "See, Job—our child—our Sylvanie!"

Job Hopelong's eyes fell upon a tattooed arrow on Maud's white flesh.

Another moment, and he folded her to his breast.

The long-lost one returned at last!

The following morning the watchman rung the bell of the ship-owner's mansion.

"Come in, Hopelong," cried Ashdyle, whose face was flushed with excitement. "Maud, my child!"

"Your child?" cried old Job.

"My child! why do you ask?"

"She's mine!"

The ship-master shrunk back aghast.

"Come, sir, confess all," cried the watchman, following him up. "At your instigation my child—my Sylvanie—was abducted."

"Yes; but spare, oh, spare!" groaned Gerald Ashdyle.

"I spare, but, sir, confess to more of your villainy. I read it in your eyes. The Sea Mew was once the Sea Gull. You've lied to my child. Where's Jack Hardy?"

"Ask Roscommon."

"He killed him for your gold."

"He tossed him overboard during a typhoon of the coast of Madagascar. Spare me!"

"I will, God helping me," said Hopelong.

"He may live. I will wait another year, and, if he comes not, I will hand you over to the law. I will track you to the uttermost parts of the earth, should you fly thither."

Then he left the baffled ship-owner, and no wedding-guests entered Ashdyle's house that day.

When spring came with her birds and flowers, a ship arrived at New York, and from her deck sprung one who had sojourned

acquiring languages, and could readily translate most of the Bible into several Indian dialects. His own conduct, however, was frequently in strange contrast with the teachings of that holy book.

He next turns up as a hunter and trapper; when, in this capacity, he became more celebrated for his wild and daring adventures, than before he had been for his mild manners. By many of his companions he was looked upon as a man who was partially insane.

Old Bill was a perfect enigma and terror to the Mexicans, who thought him possessed of evil spirit. He once settled for a short time in their midst and became a trader. Soon after he had established himself, he had a quarrel with some of his customers about his charges. He appeared to be instantly disgusted with the Mexicans, for he threw his small stock of goods into the street where he lived, set them on fire, and seized his rifle and started again for the mountains.

His knowledge of the country over which he had wandered was very extensive; but when Fremont put it to the test, he came very near losing his life by his guidance. After bequeathing his name to several mountains, rivers and passes which were undoubtedly discovered by him, he was killed by the Comanches in 1850.

Another interesting anecdote of this eccentric man I copy from Van Tramp's "The West."

In describing the American Desert, the writer speaks of the long marches without water. These dry stretches are called by the Mexicans "Journadas," the literal meaning of the word being a journey. He says:

"On the journada of which I am about to speak, which is sometimes called the 'Journada del Ninerito' (the journey of death,) the distance from one water-hole to another can not be less than eighty miles; and on account of the animals it is highly important that it should be traveled at once; to accomplish this, we started about three o'clock in the afternoon, and reached the other side of the journada late in the morning of the following day, the greater part of the distance being gone over by moonlight.

evidently failed them, and, although they could pursue a retreating foe, they felt no inclination to face the rifles of American hunters, who had turned like a stag at bay.

"At length, growing tired of inaction, and exasperated by the loss which he had already sustained, Williams proposed to visit the Californian camp by night, and steal the horses by which their pursuers had followed them. To this they assented, and that evening took from their enemies every horse and mule which they had with them, leaving them to return as best they might.

"Thisfeat having been thus successfully performed, the Americans went on their way rejoicing. But alas for human expectations! As though to meet out a sort of even-handed justice, it was destined that they should be attacked by the Indians, who drove off their whole caballada, leaving them to find their way back to Santa Fe on foot. Such is the story, but beyond the dry bones on the journada I can bear no witness to its truth."

A CHEROKEE LEGEND.

Every mountain, valley, and cascade of northern Georgia has an Indian tradition connected with its history. The Cherokees relate one which they say occurred at Toccoa Falls, many years before the white men came to their country. They were waging a fierce war with a powerful tribe who lived on the lowlands southward. During a hard-fought battle it so happened that the Cherokees made captive a dozen of their foes, whom they brought home to their country, securely bound. Their intention was to sacrifice the prisoners; but, as they wished the ceremony to be impressive on account of the fame of the captives, it was resolved to postpone the sacrifice till the time of the full moon. In the mean time the Cherokee braves went forth again to battle, while the prisoners, now bound more strongly than ever, were left in a wigwam near Toccoa, in charge of an old woman noted for her savage patriotism.

Some days passed, and as the unfortunate enemies lay in the lodge of the old woman she dealt out to them a scanty supply of food and water. They besought her to release them, and offered her the most valuable bribes; but she held her tongue and remained faithful to her trust. It was now a morning of a pleasant day when an Indian boy called at the door of the old woman's lodge, and told her that he saw a party of their enemies on the other side of the mountains a few hours previous, and it was probable they were coming to the rescue of their fellows. She heard the intelligence in silence. Re-entering the lodge another appeal for pardon was made, and the prisoners were delighted to see a smile playing upon the countenance of their keeper. She told them she had relented, and promised that she would let them escape; but it must be on certain conditions. They were, first, to give into her hands what few personal effects they had left, and must depart at dead of night, and that they might not find their way back must consent to go blindfolded for two miles through a thick wood, into an open country, where she would release them.

The prisoners gladly consented, and as the hour of midnight approached it was accompanied by a heavy thunder-storm. The night and the contemplated deed were admirably suited. She tied leather bands over the eyes of her captives, and having severed the thongs which fastened their feet, led them forth with hands still bound behind their backs. They were fastened to each other by tough withes, and were in this way led on toward their promised freedom. Intricate, winding, tedious was their way; but not a murmur was heard or a word spoken. Now the strange procession reached a level spot of ground, and the prisoners began to step more freely. They were first, to give into her hands what few personal effects they had left, and must depart at dead of night, and that they might not find their way back must consent to go blindfolded for two miles through a thick wood, into an open country, where she would release them.

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"I shall never forget the impression which that night's journey left upon my mind. Sometimes the trail led us over large basins of deep sand, where the trampling of the mules' feet gave forth no sound; this, added to the almost terrible silence which ever reigns in the solitude of the desert, rendered our transit more like the passage of some airy spectacle, where the actors were shadows instead of men. Nor is this comparison a constrained one, for our way-worn voyagers, with their tangled locks and unshorn beards, rendered white as snow by the fine sand with which the air in these regions is often filled, had a weird and ghost-like look, which the gloomy scene around, with its glowing rocks and moonlit sands, tended to enhance and heighten.

"There were other matters, too, to render the view impressive. Scattered along our route we found numerous skeletons of horses, who at some former period had dropped down and died by the wayside.

"The frequent recurrence of these bleaching bones in a road so lonely, induced me to ask some explanation in regard to them of an old trapper belonging to our party.

"He informed me that many years before, Billy Williams, a mountaineer almost as distinguished as Carson himself, had, in some interval of catching beaver and killing Indians, found time to gather a band of mountain men, with a view of undertaking a sort of piratical expedition to the coast of Lower California.

"In this expedition he succeeded so far as to enter California, help himself to upward of fifteen hundred head of mules and horses, and regain the desert without losing a man. But from this point his troubles began.

The Californians, disapproving of this summary mode of treating their property, determined to pursue and retake it by force; and, to carry out their design, followed closely upon the trail of Williams' party, with nearly two hundred men.

Williams, however, finding himself pursued, turned back, and, after a long and fatiguing march, reached the great journada, lost from the termination of the journada, at which latter point his pursuers had already arrived.

Williams, remarking to his men, 'Well, boys, we have lost the most of our caballada, and we have five hundred animals left, and as we must recruit our stock, we will just stop where we are till we have done so;

and in the mean time, if these Mexicans want to get their animals, let them come and take them, if they can.'

"In accordance with this determination, Billy's people waited three days, but so far as the coming of their enemies was concerned, waited in vain. Their courage had



Mohenesto:

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,

(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

XI.—Old Bill Williams—His Strange Life—

His Death—Stealing Horses—The Journey of Death—The American Desert—A Coup-de-main—The Result—A Cherokee Legend—A Woman's Will—The Dead March—A She

Monster.

WHILE tramping alone on the Republican river, I was visited by an old trapper, named Baldwin, or Belden, who remained with me several days. As may be imagined, the meeting of a white man was to me a subject of congratulation, and during the time he remained with me, we enjoyed ourselves.